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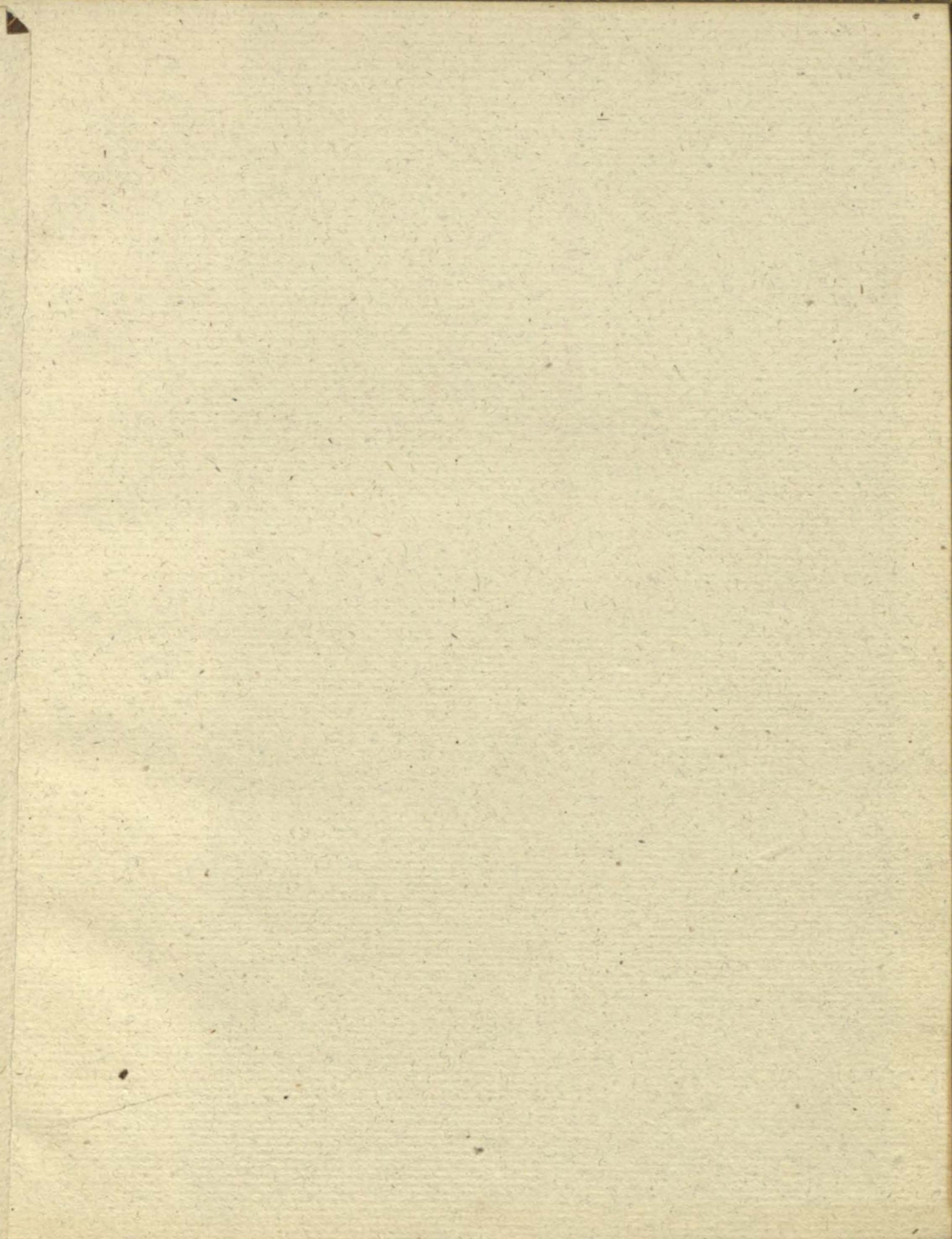
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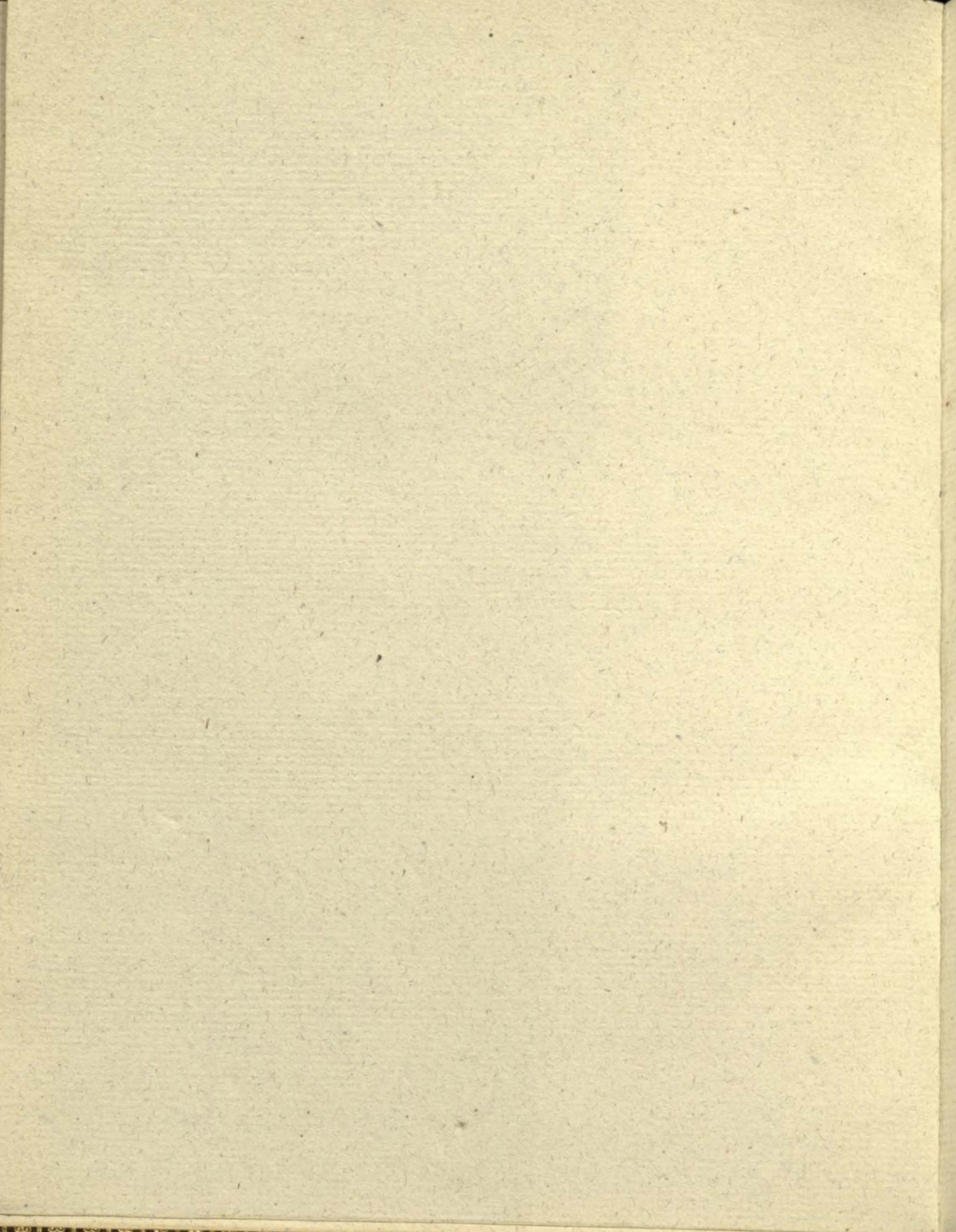
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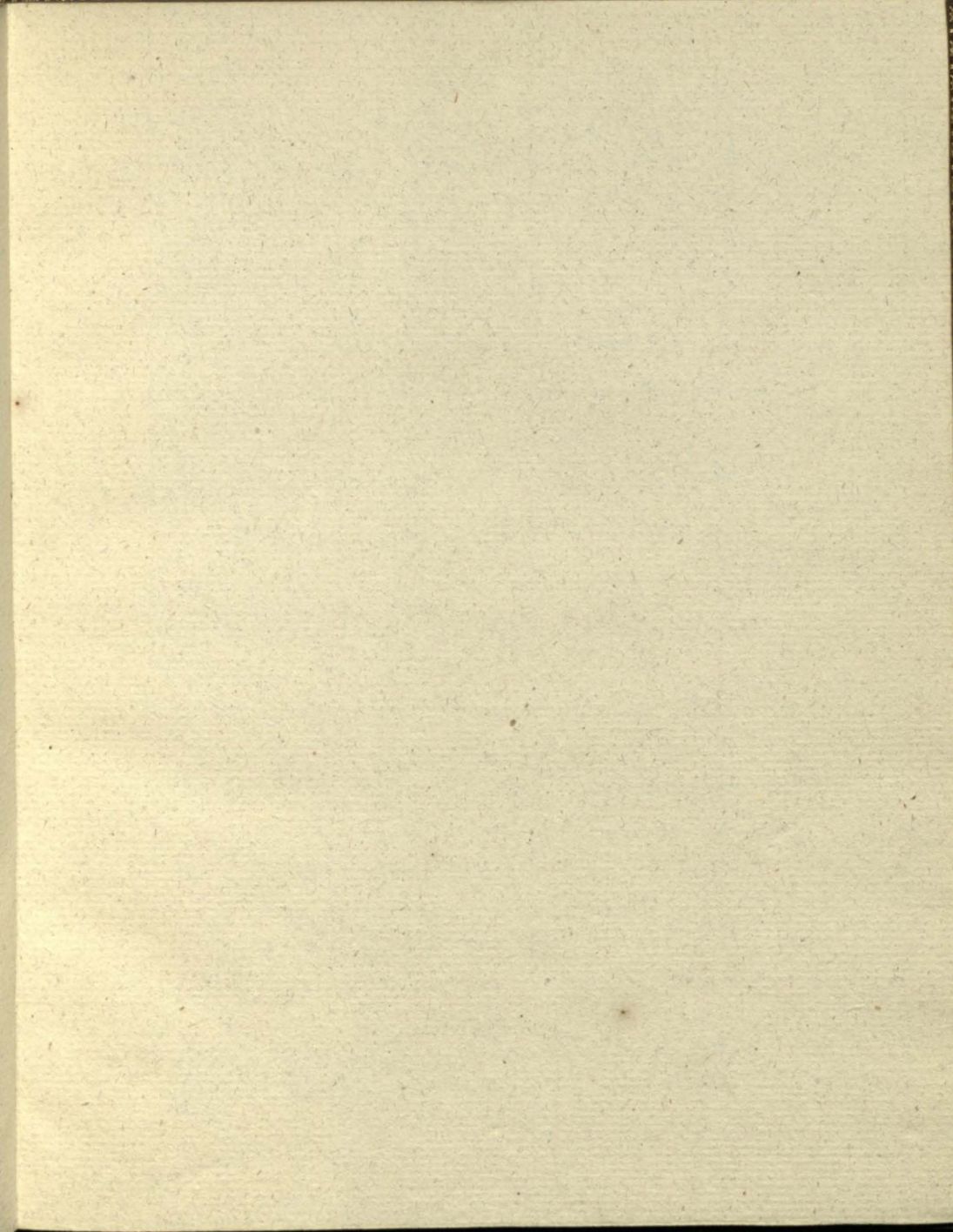


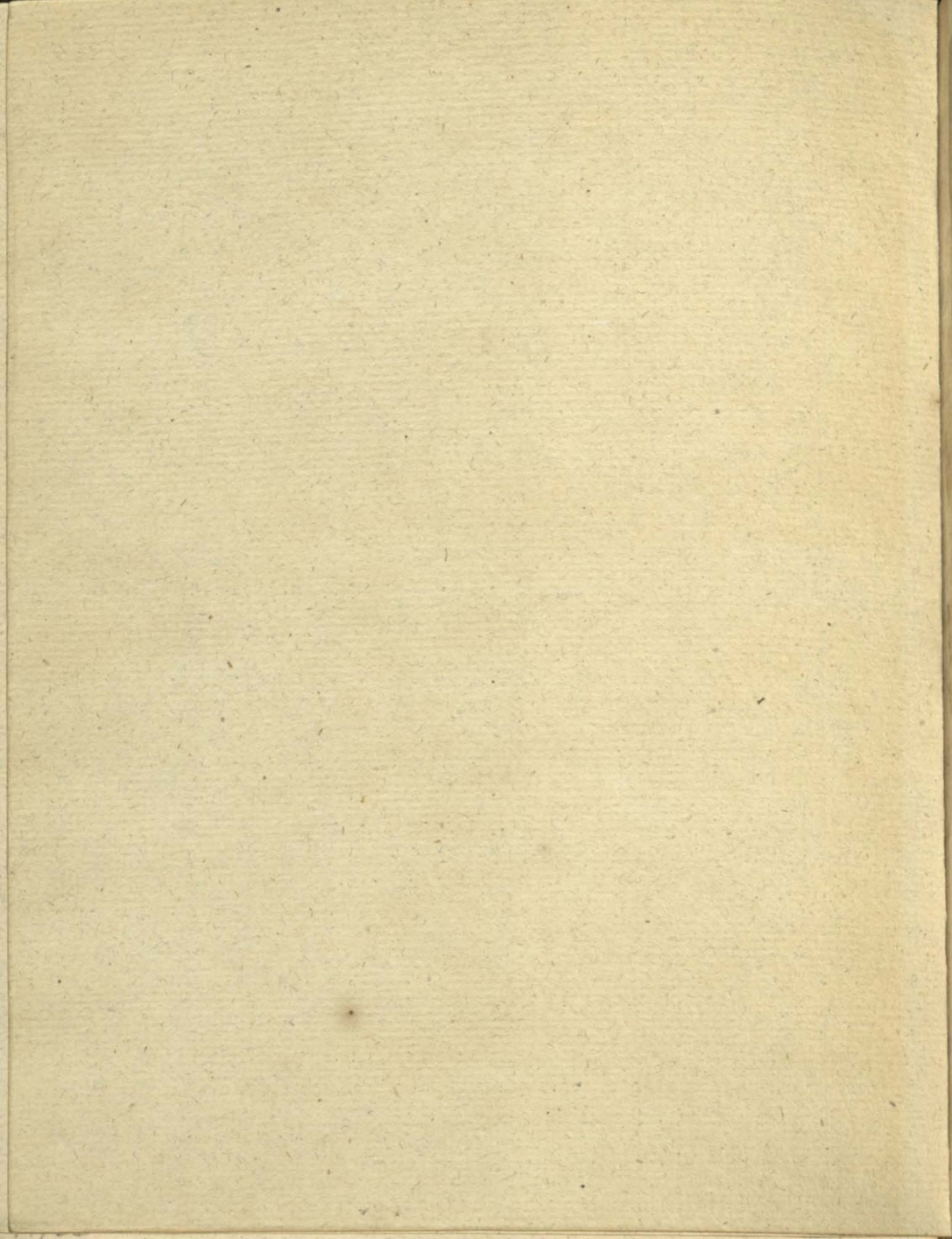
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Long leaf fcs. looks woodcut









THE
PARLIAMENT
OF
B E E S,

With their proper Characters.

OR
A Bee-hive furnisht with twelve Hony-
combes, as Pleasant as Profitable.

Being an Allegoricall description of the actions
of good and bad men in these our daies.

By I O H N D A Y E,
Sometimes Student of *Caius* Colledge in *Cambridge*.

O V I D I V S.
————— *Mihi Flauus Apollo*
Pocula Castaliæ plena ministrat Aquæ.

L O N D O N :
Printed for *William Lee*, and are to be sold at his shop
in *Pauls Church-yard* neere *Pauls Chaine*. 1641.

THE
PARLIAMENT

Row & Wm

822

of 33

BEE'S

With their proper Characters.

OR

A Bee-hive furnish'd with twelve Honey-
combs, as Pleasant as Profitable.

Being an Allegorical description of the actions
of good and bad men in their own lives.

BY JOHN BAYNE

Sometimes Student of Christ Church in Cambridge.

OXFORD.

Printed by J. Sturges, at the
Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard.

LONDON:

Printed for W. Ibbins Esq; and are to be sold at his Shop
in St. Pauls Church-yard near Fleet-Street. 1741.



The Arguments of the 12. Characters or Colloquies.



Prorex. Character 1. Or the Mr. Bee.

THe Parliament is held, Bills and Complaints
Heard and reform'd, with severall restraints
Of usurpt freedome, instituted Law,
To keepe the Common-wealth of Bees in awe.

Elimozinas. Char. 2. Or the Hospitable Bee.

THe Author in his Russet Bee,
Character's Hospitality,
Describes his Hive, and for his feasts
Appoints fit dayes, and names his guests.

Thraso. Char. 3. Or the Plush Bee.

INvention here doth Character
A neere vaine-glorious Reweller:
Who scornes his kindred, grindes the Poore,
Hunts only Ryot and his (why not).

Armiger.

Armiger. Char. 4. Or the field Bee.

THe Poet under Armiger,
Shadowes a souldiers Character,
His worth, the Courteous coy neglect,
His Pen doth sparingly Detect.

Rivales. Char. 5.

TWo Rivall Bees doe here expresse,
Good things grow loathsome through excesse:
Flowers, in the Spring trod under feet,
In winter would be counted sweet.

Poetaster, Char. 6.

Here Invention aimes his drift,
At Poets wants, and Patrons thrift:
Servile scorne, and Ignorant Pride
He spurnes and justly doth deride.

Parcimonious. Char. 7. The thrifty Bee.

THe thrifty Bee, that hoards up waxe,
The idle Loyterer here doth taxe:
Who toyles not whilst his strength doth serve,
May with* Cicada sing, yet sterue—The Grasshopper.

Fœenerator. Char. 8. The broaking Bee.

IN this the Poet lineats forth,
That bounty feeds desert and worth:

*Brands usury, inveighs'gainst bribes,
And Fenerators hive describes.*

Pharmacopolis. Char. 9. The Quack salver

THis Colloquie is characters
Of an impestrous Quack salver:
Who, to steale practise, and to vent
His drugs would buy a Patient.

Inamorato. Char. 10. The Passionate Bee.

IN this the Poet spends some Art,
To character a Lovers smart:
Who for a sigh his love let fall,
Prepares a solemn Funerall.

Obron in progressu. Char. 11. Obbron in progressu.

OBron his royall progresse makes,
To Hyblaw where he gives and takes
Presents, and priviledges, Bees
Of worth he crownes with offices.


Rexacillium Char. 12. The Kings bench Barre.

OBron in his Starchamber sits,
Sends out Sub-panas, high Court writs:
For the swarme of Bees, Degradeth some,
Frees others, all share Legall summe.

The



The Authors Commission to his Bees.

 Broad my pretty Bees: I hope you'l find
Neither rough tempest, nor commanding winde
To check your slight, carry an humble wing,
Buzz boldly what I bid, but doe not sting
Your generous Patron: wheresoere you come
Feede you on waxe, leave them the Honey-combe:
Yet if you meet a tart Antagonist,
(Or discontented rugged Satyrist)
That sleights your Errant, or his Art that pendit,
Cry, Tanti: Bid him kisse his Muse---and mend it:
If then they Meawe, reply not you, but bring
Their names to me, Ile send out Wasps shall sting
Their Malice to the quick, If they cap words,
Tell 'em your Master is a twisting cord's
Shall make pride skip; if I must needs take paines,
'T shall be to draw blood from Detractions vaines,
Tho shevell'd like Parchment, Art can make em bleed,
And what I vow, Apollo has decreed:
Your whole commission in one line's enrowld,
Be valiantlie free, but not too bold.

Iohn Day.

B 3


THE

The Booke to the Reader.


IN my commission I am charg'd to greet
And mildly kisse the hands of all I meet,
Which I must doe, or never more be seene
About the Fount of sacred Hippocreene.
Smooth sockt Thalia takes delight to dance
It's schooles of Art, the doore of ignorance
Shee sets a Crosse on; Detractors shee doth scorne,
Yet kneeles to Censure, (so it be true borne)
I had rather fall into a Beadles hands
That reads, and with his reading understands,
Then some Plush-Midas, that can read no further
But Bees? whose penning? mew, this man doth murther
A writers credit and wrong'd poesie
(Like a rich Diamond dropt into the Sea)
Is by him lost for ever, quite through read me,
Or' mongst wast paper into Pastboard knead me,
 Presse me to death, so tho your churlish hands
 Rob me of life, Ile save my paper lands
 For my next heire, who with Poetick breath
 May in sad Elegie record my death.
 If so: I wish my Epitaph may be
 Onely three words, Opinion murdered me.

Liber Lectori
Candido.

THE



The Parliament of Bees.



Character I:


Prorox, or the Master Bees Character.

A Parliament is held, Bills and complaints
Referd and heard, with severall restraints
Of usurpt freedome, Instituted law,
To keepe the common wealth of Bees in awe.

Speakers.

Prorox, *Aulicus*, *Oeconomicus*, *Dicaster*, *Speaker*.

Prorox.

 O us, who warranted by *Obrons* love,
Write our selfe Mr. Bee, both field and grove,
Garden and Orchard, lawnes & flowrie meades,
Where th'amorous winde plaies with the golden heads
Of wanton Cowslips, Daisies in their prime,
Some loving Marigolds, the blossom'd Thyme,
The blew-veind Violets, and the Damask rose,
The statelie Lilly, mistris of all those,
Are allowd and given by *Obrons* free areede,
Pasture for me and all my swarmes to feed.

No

The Parliament of Bees.

Now that our will and soveraigne intent,
May be made knowne, wee call this parliament,
And as the wise determiner of power,
Proportion, time to moments, minutes, houres,
Weeks, months, years, ages, distinguish'd day from night
Winter from Summer, profunditie from height
In Sublunaries, as in the course of Heaven
The bodies Metaphysicall runne even,
Zeniths and *Zones* have their apt stations,
Planets and Starres their Constellations,
With Orbes to move in, so divinely made
Some spherically move, some retrograde,
Yet all keepe course; so shall it be our care
That every Family have his proper Spheare.
And to that purpose, *Anticus* be groomer
Of all our lodgings, and provide fit roome
To lay in wax & Honey, both for us
And all our household: *Oeconomicus*,
Be you our steward, carefully to fit
Quotidian diet, and so order it,
Each may have equall portion: And beside
Needfull provision, carefully provide
Store against warre and Famine: *Martio* thee
I have found valiant, thy authority
(Beeing approv'd for Discipline in armes)
Shall be to muster up our warlike swarmes
Of winged lances, for like a peacefull King,
Although we were, we are loath to use our sting.
Speaker, informe us what petitions
Our Commons put up at these Sessions.

The Parliament of Bees.

A bill preferd against the Humble Bee.

Speaker. A Bill preferd, against a publique wrong:

The surly *Humble Bee*, who hath too long
Liv'd like an Out-law, and will neither pay
Honey nor wake, doe service, nor obey,
But like a fellow coucht under a weed

Watches advantage to make boot and feed
Vpon the top-branch blossomes, and by stealth
Makes dangerous inroads on your common-wealth,
Robs the day-labourer of his golden prize
And sends him weeping home, with emptie thighes.

Thus like a theefe, he flies ore hill and downe
And Out-law-like doth challenge as his owne
Your Highnes due, nay Pyratick detaines
The waxen fleet sailing upon your plaines.

Troxer. A great abuse, which we must have redress
Before it growes to high: on too the rest.

A bill preferd against the Waspe.

Speaker. A bill preferd against the Waspe; a Flie
Who Merchant-like under pretence to buy
Makes bold to borrow, and paies too. *Pro:* But when?

Speaker. Why ad *Kalendis Græcis*, never then.

A bill against the Hornet.

Theres the strange *Hornet*, who doth ever weare
A scalie armor, and a double Speare,

The Parliament of Bees.

Cought in his front, rifles the Merchants packs
Upon the Rhode, your honey and your waxe,
He doth by stealth transport to some strange shoare,
Makes rich their hives, and keeps your own groves poor.

Prorox. I thanke your Industrie, but we'll devise
A statute that no such Out-landish flies
Shall carry such high wing: *Speaker.* Yet these alone

A bill preferd against the Drone:

Doe not afflict us, but the lazie droane
Our native country Bee, who like the Snaille
(That bankrowt-like makes his owne shell his jayle
All the day long) Ith' evening plaies the thief,
And when the labouring Bees have tane reliefe,
Be gone to rest, against all right and lawe
Acts burglary, breakes ope their house of straw,
And not alone makes pillage of their hives,
But (Butcher-like) bereaves them of their lives.

Prorox. Gainst all these Out-lawes. *Martio* bee thou
Lieutenant Generall, thou knowst well how
To hamper such Delinquents. *Dicaſtes* thee
We make our advocate, thy office be
To moderate each difference and jar
In this our civill Oeconomicke war,
And let both plaintife, and defendant be
Heard and dispatcht for conscionable fee
And more to keepe our *Anomoi* in awe
Our selfe (the chiefe) will live under a law. *(ſine leges
vixentes)*

Dicaſt. To each desert Ile render lawfull weight,
The scale of justice shall use no deceit:

Prorox

The Parliament of Bees.

Prorex. It looses name and nature, if it shud,
Next *Villicus*, thou that frequentst the wood
Our painefull ruffet Bee, we create thee
Chiefe baylife both of fallow-field and lee:
Appoint each Bee his walke, the meadow-bee
Shall not encroach upon the upland lee,
But keepe his bound, if any with intent
To wrong our state flye from our government,
Hoarding their hony up in rocks or trees,
Sell or transport it to our enemies,
Breake downe their Garners, seise upon their store,
And in our name divide it 'mongst the poore,
Onely to us reserve our royalties,
High waies and wastes, all other specialties
We make thee ruler of *Vill*: and Ile impart
To all with a free hand and faithfull heart:

Pro. Now break up Court, and each one to his toyle,
Thrive by your labours, drones live a'the spoyle,
Feare neither *Waspe*, nor *Hornet*, forreyners
Be bard from being intercommoners,
And having laboured hard from light to light,
With golden thighes, come singing home at night,
For neither *Droane*, *Waspe*, Fly nor *Humble-Bee*,
Shall dare to rob you of your treasury.
So to your Summer harvest, worke and thrive
Bounti's the blessing of the labourers hive.

The Parliament of Bees.



Eleemozynus. Character. 2. The Hospitable Bee.

THe Author in his Russet Bee,
Character's Hospitalitie,
Describes his hive; and for his feasts
Appoints fit daies, and names his guests.

Speakers. Eleemozynus. Cordato.

Cordato: Your hiv's a rare one, Rome did never raise
A work of greater wonder. *Eleemozynus.* Spare your
Tis finish'd, and the cost stands on no score, (praise,
None can for want of payment, at my dore
Curse my foundation; seeing the smoake goe
Out of those lovers, for whose straw I owe!

Cordato. Why to your hive have ye so many waies?

Eleemozynus. They answer just the number of seven daies,
On Mondayes such, whose fortunes are sunck lowe,
By good housekeeping, Ile my almes bestow.
On Tewdaies such as all their life-times wrought
Their countries freedome, and her battailes fought;
On Wedensdaies, such as with painfull wit
Have div'd for knowledge in the sacred writ;
On Thursdayes such as prov'd unfortunate
In Counsell, and high offices of state;
On Fridayes such as for their Conscience sake
Are kept in bonds; on Saturdaies Ile make

Feasts

The Parliament of Bees

Feasts for poore Bees past labour, orphaned friends
And widdowes ground in Mills of usury
And Sundayes for my Tenants and all Swaines
That labour for me on the groves and plaines.

The windowes of my hive, with blossomes dight
Are Porters to let in (our comfort) light;
In number just six hundred, fixtie five,
'Cause hitherto many daies the Sunne doth drive
His Chariot (stucke with beames of burnish'd gold,)
About the world by Spherical Motion rowld,
For my almes shall diurnall progresse make
With the free sunne in his bright Zodiacke.

Cordato. Some Bees serail their Tenants on the Rack
Not to feed bellies, but to cloath the backe.

Eleemo. I with their actions hold no Sympathie,
Such eat the poore up, but the poore eat me.

Cor. And you performe all this *Eleemo.* Faire & upright
As are the strict vowes of an Anchorite,
An almes that by a Niggards hand is serv'd
Is mold and gravelly bread, the hunger-sterv'd
May take, but cannot eat: He deale none such
Who with free hand shakes out but Chums, gives much.

Cordato. You have had helps in this good course of life,
You might doe therefore well to take a wife.

Eleemo. A wife? when I should have one hand in Heaven
To write my happinesse (in leaves as even)
And smooth as *Porphyry* (see'd by the other) I should
Plucke me quite downe, vertue scarce knowes a mother.
Pardon sweet Females, I your Sex admire,
But dare not sit too neare your wanton fire,

Fearing

The Parliament of Bees

Fearing your fairer beauties tempting flame
My sound affections might put out of frame.

In like manner said Alexander by the daughters of
Drius.

*Nescio quid latens veneni habet caro feminea;
Vt prudentiores citius corrumpat.*

Card. Who then shall reap the golden crop you sow?
Tis halfe a curse t'have wealth, and not to knowe
Whom to call heire. Eleemo: My heirs shall be the poore
Bees wanting limbs, such as in daies of yore
Pend learned Canzons, for no other meed,
But that in them unletterd Bees might reade,
And reading lay up knowledge, being alive
Such Ile maintaine, and being dead my hive
Honey and waxe I will bequeath to build
A skep where weekly meetings may be held
To read and heare such ancient morall lawes
As may teach ignorance the use of lawes;
And these will be a true Inheritance,
Not to decay, neither sword, fire, nor chance;
Thunder of love, nor mundane Casualties
Can ruin the succession of these:
Mannors, Parkes, Townes, nay Kingdomes may be sold,
But still the poore stand like a Lords free-hold
Unforfeited; of all lawe-tricks not one
Can throw the poore out of possession:
Should I loose all my hives and waxen wealth,
Out of the poore mans dish I should drink health,
Comfort and blessings, therefore keepe aloofe
And tempt no further, whilst I live my Roofe

Shal

The Parliament of Bees.

Shall cover naked wretches, when I dye
Ile dedicate it to Saint Charity.

Character 3.

Thraso or *Polypragmus*. *The Pluff Bee.*

Invention here doth *Character*

A meere vaine glorious Reveller,
Who scornes his equals, grinders the Poore
Hunts onely Ryots, and his
Speakers.

Polypragmus. *Servant.*

Poly. The Roome smells wth oh, stand off, yet stay dee hear,
Oth sawcy Sun, which mounted in our spheare,
Strives to out shine us? *Ser*. So the poor Bees hum. *A*

Pol: Poor Bees? potguns, Illegitimate scum
And bastard flies, taking adulterate shape
From reeking dunghills, if that meddling ape
Zanying my greatnesse, dares but once presume
To vie expence with me, I will consume
His whole hive in a month. Say you that sawe
His new-raisd frame, how is it built? *Ser*. Of straw
Dyed in quaint colours, here and there a rowe
Of Indian bents, which make a handsome shoue.

Poly. How, straw and bents, sayst? I will have one built
Like *Pompeys Theatre*, the feeling guilt

And

The Parliament of Bees.

And enterseam'd with Pearle, to make it shine
Like high *Ioves* palace, my descents divine.
My great Hall I have pay'd with Clouds, which done
(By wondrous skill) an Artificiall Sun
Shall rowle about, reflecting golden beames,
Like *Phebus* dancing on the wanton streames,
And when tis night, iust as that Sun goes downe
He have the Stars draw up a silver Moon,
In her full height of glorie, over head
A roof of woods, and Forrests He have spread.
Tree's growing down-wards, full of Fallow-deare,
When of the sudaine (listning) you shall heare
A noise of Hornes, and hunting, which shall bring
Aceon to *Diana* in the spring,
Where all shall see her naked skin: and there
Aceons hounds shall their owne Master teare,
As Embleme of his follie that will keepe
Hounds to devoure and eat him up asleepe.
All this He doe, that men with praise may crowne
My fame for turning the world upside-downe,
And what plust *Bees* sit at this Fleth-flies Table.
Ser. None but poore lame ones and the ragged rabble:
Poly. My board shall be no manger for scabd Jades,
To lick up provender, no *Bee* that trades
Sucks Hony there. *Ser.* poore schollers. *Poly.* Beg & sterve,
Or steale and hang, what can such rogues deserved
Gallowes and Gibbers, hang e'm: give me Lutes
Vials and Clarions, such Musicke suites
Schollers like common Beadles, lash the times,
Whip our abuse, and fetch blood of our crimes,

Lec

The Parliament of Bees.

Let him feed hungry Schollers, fetch me whores,
They are mans blisse, the other Kingdomes sores:
We gave in charge to seeke the grove for Bees
Comming in Cookerie, and rare qualities
And wanton females, that sell sin for gold. (old

Ser: Some of all sorts you have. *Pol.* They are stale and
I have seen 'em twice. *Ser:* we have multiplied your store
Vnto a thousand. *Pol.* More, let me have more

Then the Grand signior. And my change as rare
Tall, low, and middle-siz'd, the browne and faire.

Ide give a Prince his ransome now to tast
Black Cleopatras cheek, only to waist

A richer pearle then that of *Anthonyes*,

That fame might write up my name and race his.

Oh that my mother had been *Paris* whore,

And I might live to burne down *Troy* once more,

So that by that brave light I might have ran

At barly-brake with my sleek curtezan.

Yet talk't of Schollers? see my face no more.

Let the Portcullis downe and bolt the doore.

But one such tattered ensigne here being spread

Would draw in numbers, here shall my rogues be fed;

Charge our Mechanicke Bees to make things meet

To manacle base beggars hands and feet,

And call it *Polypragmus* whipping post

Orth' beggars ordinary, they shal tast my roast.

And if ye spie a Bee that has a looke,

Stigmaticall, drawne out like a blacke booke,

Full of Greeke π ; to such Ile give large pay,

To watch and warde for poor Bees night and day,

D

And

The Parliament of Bees.

And lash 'em soundly if they approach my gate,
Whipcord's my bounty, and the rogues shall ha'r.
The poore are but the earths dung fit to lye
Cover'd in muck-heaps, not offend our eye.
Thus in your bosomes Jove his bounty flings
What are gold Mynes, but a rich dust for Kings
To scatter with their breath, as chaffe with winde.
Let me then that have gold, beare a Kings minde
And give till my armeakes, who bravely powres
But into a wench's lap such golden showres,
May be Ioves equall, there his ambition ends
In obscure Rivalship, but he that spends
A world of wealth, makes a whole world his debtor,
And such a noble spender is Ioves better:
That man Ile be, I'm *Alexanders* heire
To one part of his minde, I wish there were
Ten worlds, *Ser.* How for to conquer? *Pol.* No to sell
For Alpine hils of silver, I could well
Husband that Merchandize, provided I
Might at one feast draw all that treasure dry.
Who hoards up wealth is base, who spends it brave.
Earth breeds gold, so I tread but on my slave
Ser. Oh wonderfull! yet let all wonder passe
Hees a great Bee, and a vain-glorious asse.

Character 4.

Armiger. The field Bee.

THe Poet under Armiger
Shadowes a souldiers Character

His

The Parliament of Bee.

*His worth, the Courtiers coy neglect
His pen doth sparingly detect.*

Speakers.

Armiger. Donne. Cocadillio. Prorex.

Arm: Is Master Bee at leasure to speak Spanish (vanish:
With a Bee of service? *Don.* No. *Arm.* Smoaked Pilcher
Proud *Don* with th'oaker face, I'de but desire
To meet thee on a breach midst smoak and fire,
And for Tobacco, whiffing Gunpowder
Out of a brasen pipe, that should puffe lowder
Then thunder roares, there (though illiterate Dawe)
Thou nere couldst spell, thou shouldst reade Canon law,
How the lades prance in golden trappings, ho?
Is master Bee at leasure. *Don:* What to doe?

Arm: To heare a souldier speake. *Don:* I cannot tell,
I am no eare-picker. *Are:* Yet you heare well,
Ye'ar of the Court? *Don:* The Mr. Bees chief barbour.

Arm. Then *Don* you li'd, you are an eare-picker.

Don. Wel, if thou comcest to beg a suit at Court,
I shall descend so low, as to report
Thy paper businesse: *Arm.* I beg proud *Don*,
I scorne to scribe: my petition
Is written on my bosome in red wounds.

Don. I am no Surgeon Sir: Alloone. *Arm.* Bafe hounds!
Thou god of gay apparrell, what strange lookes
Make suit to do thee service? Mercers bookes
Shew mens devotions to thee, Hell cannot holde
A Fiend more stately: my acquaintance sold,

The Parliament of Bees,

Cause poore? stood now my beaten taylor by me,
Pleiting of my rich hose, my filke-mannye me,
Drawing upon my Lord-ships Courtly calfe
Payers of embroydered stockings, or but halfe
A dozen things cald creditors, had my Barber
Perfum'd my lowzy tharch (this nitty harbour)
These pi'd-wingd Butterflies wud know me than,
But they nere landed in the Ile of *Man*.
That such a thing as this, a decoy flye
Should buzze about the eare of Royalty,
Such whale-bon'd bodied rascals, that owe more
To Linnen-drapers, to new vampe a whore,
Then all their race from their grand beldame soorth
To this their raigne in cloaths were ever worth,
That such should tickle a commanders eare
With flatterie; when we must not come neare,
But stand (for want of cloaths) tho we win townes
Amongst almsbasket men, such silken clownes
When wee with bloud deserve, share our reward
We held scarce fellow-mates to the blacke guard;
Why shold a souldier being the worlds right arme
Be cut off by the left? (infernall charme)
Is the world all ruffe and feather? is desert
Bastard? doth custome cut of his childs part
No difference twixt a wilde goose and a swan,
A Taylor and a true borne gentleman?
So the world thinkes, but search the Heralds notes,
And you shall finde much difference in their coates.
Pro: A field Bee speak with me? bold *Armiger*,
Welcome, thy bosome is a register

The Parliament of Bees.

In strong Iambicks: *G.* whats that hemp? or flax?

It. A halter stretch thee, such ill-tutord jacks
Poyson the fame of Patrons, I shall I doubt me,
be thought *Jobs* wife, I keepe such scabs about me.
Seale up thy lips, and if thou needs must sinne,
Doo't privately, out spaniell, bring him in.

Gn. He's come: Poet; to you my love presents this book.

It. I am unworthy on't. Except a hooke
Hung at each line to choake me, stay what name
Hast given thy brat? To the most honoured Dame.
Com'st lying into th' world? be thy leaves torne,
Rent, and us'd basely, as thy title's borne?

Gn. Rare sport: no marveile if this poet begs
For his lame verses, they've nor feet nor legs.

Po. Nor thou humanity. *It.* Go burn this paper spright.

Gn. Sir your darke Poetry will come to light:

Poet. You are not noble, thus to wound the heart,
Teare and make martyrs of the limbs of art,
Before examination: *Cæsar* taught
No such Court doctrine, *Alexander* thought
Better of *Homers* lofty *Iliades*,

And hug'd their Mr. tho this, and such gald jades

Were spurre-gald-hackneyes, kick at their betters, though

Some hide-bound worldlings neither give, nor show

Countenance to Poets: yet the noble spirit

Loves vertue for it owne sake, and rewards merit

Tho nere so meanly habited, nor Bee

That frequents *Hibla*, takes more paines then wee

Doe in our Canzons, yet they live and thrive

Richly, when we want waxe to store our hive.

It.

The Parliament of Bees. T

And in reward of thy bold chivalrie
Make thee commander of a Colonie,
Wishing all such as honour Discipline
To serve him, and make honesty their Shrine.

Character 5.

Poetaster. Poeticall Bee.

Here Invention aymes his drift
At Poets wants and patrons thirst,
Servile scorne and Ignorant pride
Free Judgement slightly doth deride.

Speakers.

Gnatho. Iltriste. Poetaster.

Il: A Schollar speake with me? *Gn*: He saies a Poet,
I thinke no lesse for his apparrell show it,
He's of some standing, his cloath cloak is worne (scorn
To a searge *Il*: He's poore, that proves his high things
Mundane felicitie, disdaines to flatter
For empty ayre, or like crow poets chatter
For great mens crums. But what's his suite to me.

Gn: To beg a dinner, old dame charity
Lame of all fowre limps out, and sounds a Call
For all the rogues. *Il*: Out sencelesse Animall,
Hearing of my retirement, and the hate
I beare to Court attendance, and high state,
Hee's come perhaps to write my Epitaph.

Gn: Some lowzy ballad? I cannot choose but laugh
At these poor squitter pulps. *Il*: Thou ignorant else
Should he know this, hee'd make thee hang thy selfe

The Parliament of Bees.

On great droanes vices, you clap hands at those
Which proves your vices friends and vertues foes,
Where the true Poet indeed doth scorne to guilde
A cowards tombe with glories or to build
A sumptuous Pyramid of golden verse
Over the ruins of an ignoble herse.

His lines like his invention are borne free,
And both live blamelesse to eternity.

He holds his reputation so deare,
As neither flattering hope, nor servile feare

Can bribe his pen to temporize with Kings,
The blacker are his crimes, the lowder sings,

Goe, goe thou dar'st not, canst not write, let me
Invoke the helpe of sacred Poesie.

May not a woman be a Poet? *Poet.* Yes
And learne the art with far more easinesse

Then any man can doe, for Poesie
Is but a feigning, feigning is to lye,

And women studie that art more then men?
It. I am not fit to be a Poet then;

For I should leave off feigning and speak true.
Poet. You'l nere then make good Poet. *It.* Very few,

I thinke be good. *Poet.* I thinke so too. *It.* Be plaine:
How might I doe to hit the Mr. vaine

Of Poesie? *Poet.* I descend from *Persius*,
He taught his pupils to breed Poets thus,

To have their temples girt and swadled up
With night-caps: To steale juyce from *Hebees* cup,

To sleepe their barren crownes in, pilfer clouds
From off *Parnassus* top. To build them shrowds

The Parliament of Bees.

It: I honour Poesie, nor dislike I thee,
Onely thy fawning title troubled me,
I love your groves, and in your libraries,
(Amongst quaint odes, and passionate Elegies)
Have read whole volumes, of much injur'd dames
Righted by poets; assume thy brightest flames,
And dip thy pen in wormewood-juyce for me;
Canst write a satyre? Tart authority
Doe call 'em Libels: canst write such a one?

Poet: I can mixe inke, and copperesse. *It:* So goon.

Poet: Dare mingle poyson with 'em. *It:* Do't for me,
Thou hast the theorie. *Poet:* Yes each line must be
A corde to draw bloud. *It:* Good. *Poet:* A ly to dare
The stab from him it touches. *It:* Better, rare.

Poet: Such satyres, as you call 'em, must lance wide
The wounds of mens corruptions, ope the side
Of vice, search deep for dead flesh and ranck coars.
A Poets inke can better cure some soars
Then surgeons balsum. *It:* Vndertake this cure,
Ile crowne thy paines with gold. *Poet:* Ile do't be sure,
But I must have the parties Character.

It: The Mr: Bee. *Poet:* That thunder doth deter
And fright my muse, I will not wade in ills
Beyond my depth, nor dare I plucke the quils
Of which I make pens, out of the Eagles claw.
Know I am a loyall subject. *It:* A jack-dawe.
This baseness followes your profession,
You are like common beadles, easily wonne,
To whip poore Bees to death (scarce worth the striking,
But fawne with slavish flatterie, and throw liking

On

The Parliament of Bees.

Opinion has betrayd me to the furie
Of vulgar scandall, partiall opinion
Gapes like a Sheriffe for execution.
I wonderd still how Schollars came undone,
And now I see tis by opinion;
That foe to worth, sworn Enemy to art,
Patron of ignorance, Hangman of desert,
Aske any man what can betray a Poet
To scandall? base opinion shall doe it.
He therefore be no Poet, no nor make
Ten muses of your nine, my reason take.
Verses (tho freemen borne,) are bought and sold
Like slaves; their makers too, (that merit gold)
Are sed with shalls: whence growes this slight regard?
From hence Opinion gives their reward.



Character 6.

Rivales.

Invention labours to discover
The pretty passions of a lover,
Shewing how in amorous fits,
Long lost, a Bee may finde her wits.

Speakers.

Arethusa. Vrania.

Well met faire beauty, pray you can you tell
News of Meletus? *vl.* Such a Bee doth dwell,
E 2 In

The Parliament of Bees,

Oflawrell boughs to keepe invention green,
Then drink nine healths of sacred *Hippocrene*
To the nine muses, this sayes *Perseus*,
Will make a Poet, I thinke cheper thus,
Gold, musicke, wine, tobacco, and good cheere
Make Poets soare aloft, and sing out cleare. (never.

Il. Are you born Poets? *Poet.* Yes. *Il.* So dy. *Poet.* Dy

Il. My miserie's then a Poet, that lives ever,
For time has lent it such eternity;
And full succession it can never dye,

How many sorts of Poets are there? *Poet.* Two,

Great and small Poets: *Il.* Great and small ones? so

Which doe you call the great? the far ones? *Poet.* No,

But such as have great heads which emptyed forth

Fill all the world with wonder at their worth.

Proud flies, swolne big with breath and windy praise,

Yet merit brakes, and nettles stead of bayes.

Such, title Cods, and Lobsters of arts Sea;

The small ones, call the shrimps of Poesie,

The greater number of spawn'd feathered Bees

Fly low like Kites, the other mount on trees,

Those peck up dunghill garbidge, these drinke wine

Out of *Ioves* cup: those mortall, these divine.

Il. Who is the best Poet. *Poet.* Emulation,

The next necessity; but Detraction

The worst of all. *Il.* Imagine I were one,

What should I get by't? *Poet.* Why opinion.

Il. I've too much of that already, for tis known

That in opinion I am overthrowne,

Opinion is my evidence, Judge and jury,

Opini-

The Parliament of Bees.

Opinion has betraid me to the furie
Of vulgar scandall, partiall opinion
Gapes like a Sheriffe for execution.
I wonderd still how Schollars came undone,
And now I see tis by opinion;
That foe to worth, sworn Enemy to art,
Patron of ignorance, Hangman of desert,
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News of *Meletus*? *vl.* Such a Bee doth dwell,
In

The Parliament of Bees.

In my fathers hive, but aske you as a friend?

Areth. Yes, and as one who for his good would spend
Living and life. *Vla.* Yet not so much as I.

Areth. Why do you love him? *Vla.* I'm mine own echo, I,

Areth. Wherefore? *Vla.* I know not, there's some fallacy,

For not a Village fly, nor meadow Bee

That traffikes daily on the neighbour plaine,

But will report how all the winged raine

Have su'd to me for love, when we have flowne,

In swarmes out to discover fields new blowne,

Happy was he could finde the forwardst tree

And cull the choicest blossomes out for me:

Of all their labours they allowd me some

And like my Champions mand me out, and home,

Yet I lov'd none of them, *Philon* a Bee

Wel skild in verse and amorous Poesie,

As we have sat at worke, both of one rose

Has humd sweet canzons both in verse and prose,

Which I nere minded, *Astrophel* a Bee

(Although not so poeticall as he)

Yet in his full invention quicke and ripe,

In summer Evenings on his well-tun'd pipe

Upon a woodbine blossome in the sunne

(Our hive being cleane swept and our daies work done)

Would play me twenty severall tunes, yet I

Nor minded *Astrophell*, nor his melodie.

Then there's *Amniter*, for whose love faire *Leade*

(That pretty Bee) flies up and downe the Mead

With rivers in her eyes, without deserving

Sent me trim *Akron* boughs of his owne carving,

To

The Parliament of Bees.

To drink May dew and Mead in; yet none of these
My hive-borne play fellows and neighbour bees
Could I affect, untill this strange Bee came,
And him I love with such an ardent flame
Discretion cannot quench. *Areth*: Now I begin
To love him, fresh examples ushers in,
How doth he spend his time? *Vla.* Labours and toyles,
Extracts more honey out of barren soyles
Then twenty lazie droans, I have heard my father
Steward of the hive professe, that he had rather
Loose halfe the swarme then him; if a bee poor or weak
Grow faint on's way, or by mis-fortune break
A wing or leg against a twig; alive
Or dead, hee'l bring into the Mrs. Hive
Him and his burthen; but the other day
On the next plaine, there grew a mortall fray
Betwixt the waspes and us, the wind grew high,
And a rough storme rag'd so impetuously,
Our bees could scarce keep wing, then fel such raine,
It made our Colonie forsake the plaine,
And fly to garrison, yet still he stood
And 'gainst the whole swarme made his party good,
And at each blow he gave, cryed out his vow,
His vow and *Arethusa*, on each bough
And tender blossome he ingraves her name,
With his sharpe sting, to *Arethusaes* fame
He consecrates his actions, all his worth
Is only spent to character her forth.
On damaske roses and the leaves of pynes
I have seene him write such amorous moving lines,

The Parliament of Bees.

In *Arethusa's* praise, as my poore heart
Have when I read them, envied her desert,
And wept and sighd to thinke that he should be
To her so constant, yet not pittie me.

Areth. Oh. *Vla.* Wherfore sigh you? *Areth.* *Amoratho.* Oh
My marble heart melts. *Vla.* What sigh & weep you too?

Areth. Yes in meere pittie that your churlish fate
Should for true love make you unfortunate.

Vla. I thanke you, what this *Arethusa* is
I do not know, only my suit is this,
If you doe know this Bee, when you next meet him
(Hees labouring in that mead,) In my name greet him,
And tell him that I love him more, far more
Then *Arethusa* can, nay I adore
His memorie so, that he shall be my Saint;
And when his tender limbs grow weak and faint,
Ile doe his labour and mine own, the spring
Being dry grows much unfit for labouring.
To prevent famine and a sudaine dearth,
For his sake Ile befriend the barren earth
And make it fruitful with a shower of tears,
In which Ile drowne his scorne and mine owne feares.

Areth. What have I heard? *Amoratho* pardon me,
For I have been (by much) too cruell to thee,
Yet (if as she reports) I find thy heart
Bequeathd to *Arethusa's* weake desert
Nature shall worke a miracle so strange,
All amorous Bee's shall wonder at my change.

Character

The Parliament of Bees.

Character 17.

Par. simonius. — The gathering Bee.

THe thrifty Bee doth tantlingly deride
The prodigall, inweighing gainst his pride.

Speakers.

Par. simonius. *Acolastes.*

Par. **T**Hou art my kinsman, yet had not thy mother
Been constant to thy father, and none other,
I would have sworne some Emperour had got thee.

Acol. Why so he might, let not opinion set thee.

Par. Suppose all Kingdomes in the world were bals
And stood 't with a Racket twixt foure walls
To toss *ad placitum*, how wouldst thou play?

Acol. Why as with bals, bandy 'em all away,
They gone play twice as many of the score.

Par. A tennis Court of Kings could do no more
But (saith) what dost thou think that I now thinke
Of thy this dayes expences? *Acol.* How in drinke,
Dice, drabs, and musicke? why that it was brave.

Par. No, that thou art a proud vaine-glorious knave,
That reeming womb thy father left so full
Of golden issue, thou like a brainlesse gull,
Hast Viper-like ear through: oh here's trim stufte,
A good mans state in garters, rose, and ruffe.

Acol.

The Parliament of Bees.

Acol. How one mans state? that beggar's wretched poor
That weares but one mans portion, Ile do more,
Had I my will, betwixt my knee and toe
Ide hang more pearle and diamonds then grow
In both the Indies, poore *Fucus* musk my hose,
Match your old greasie cod-piece. *Parc.* Let's not part
Ide have thee live in compasse. *Acol.* Foole ile be, (toes:
Like *Phœbus* in the Zodiacke, I am he
That would take *Phaetons* fall, tho I set fire
On the whole world, to be Heavens Charioter.

Par. Tha'it fir'd too much already, parks and chases
Haveno part left of em save names of places.
Tha'it burnt so much, tha'it not one tree to sell,
To make a fire to warme thee by in hell.

Acol. Ile warme me by thy bones then. *Par.* Say and hold;
Want fire till then, thy lust wil sterue with cold:
Tis voic'd abroad too, that thy lands are sold.

Acol. They are: what then? *Par.* And that the mony went
Towards great last proud entertainment.

Acol. Its a lye. *Par.* I thank you. *Acol.* But suppose it true
That I spent Millions, what's all that to you?
Had I for every day ith' yeare a friend,
For each houre in that yeare a myne to spend,
Ide wast both Indies but ide feast em all.

Par. And sterue thy selfe, stil a true prodigall:
What should thy stewes have then? *Acol.* Our lazy droan,
Thou enviest Bees with stings, cause thine is gone.
Plate, Jewels, treasure, all shall flye. *Par.* They shall,
And then some dunghil give the burial. (cate.

Acol. No ile turn pickled thief. *Par.* what's that? *A.* A pit-
If gold keep house, a Sea or land Ile hate, As

The Parliament of Bees.

As to feed ryot I the land did brave.
So scorning land, water shall be my grave.
Meane while the circle I've begun Ile run,
Should the Devill stand ith' Center, like the Sun
In his Meridian, my ascent's divine.
The vanitie of all mankinde is mine.
In me all prodigalls loosenes fresh shall flow
Borrow and spend, ne'r look back what I owe,
Wine, Harlots, Surfeits, rich embroidered cloaths,
Strange fashions, all sins sensual, new coynd oaths
Shall feed and fill me, Ile feast every sence.
Nought shall become me ill but innocence.
Parce. Farewel, I spie a wallet at thy backe.
Who spends all young, ere age comes, all shall lack;

Character 8.

Inamorato. The Passionate Bee.

*IN this, the Poet spends some art,
To character a lovers heart:
And for a sigh, his love let fall,
Prepares a solemn funeral.*

Speakers.

Chariolus. Arethusa.

Char. **O** H *Arethusa*, cause of my soules moving, (ving
Nature, save thee, hath no worke worth the lo-
F For

The Parliament of Bees.

For when she fashion'd thee, she summon'd all
The Graces, and the Vertues Cardinall ;
Nay the whole swarme of Bees came loaden home,
Each bringing thee a rich perfection ;
And laid them up with such Art in the hive,
Thy braine, as since that, all thy beauties thrive ;
For being mixt at thy creation,
They made thee faire, past Art or imitation.
Aret. 'Tis he, is not your name *Chariolus* ?
Son to our Mr. Bee ? *Cha.* What art that thus
Bluntly salut'st me ? *Aret.* One that has to say
Somewhat to you from lovely *Arethusa*. (well)
Cha. How doth she ? *Ar.* Well. *Cha.* Ill tutor'd Bee, but
The word's too sparing for her, more than well ;
Nay, more than excellent's an Epithite
Too poor for *Arethusa*. *Aret.* This is right
As the Bee told me, Can she better well (bell)
Than with the Gods ? *Cha.* The Gods ? *Aret.* A passing
Proclaim'd her death, and the whole swarme of Bees
Mourn'd at her Herse in fable liveries :
Long she lay sick, yet would not send, till death
Knockt at lifes gate to fetch away her breath ;
But just as he came in, goe thou (quoth she)
Seek out *Chariolus*, greet him from me,
And pray him that he would no longer shroud
His faire illustrate splendour in a cloud,
For I am gone from the worlds vanities
Unto the Gods (a pleasing Sacrifice)
Yet there I'll wish him well, and say, Good youth,
I bequeath nothing to him, but my truth.

And

The Parliament of Bees.

And even as death arrested her, she cri'd,
Oh my *Chariolus*; so with a sigh she di'd.

Cha. So with a sigh she dy'd. *Ar.* What meane you, Sir?

I have told him like a foolish messenger,

What I shall first repent. *Cha.* Come, let us divide

Sorrowes and teares, for with a sigh she dy'd.

Aret. Nay then she lives. *Cha.* 'Tis false, beleeeve it not,

I'll have that sigh drawne on a charriot

(Made of the bones of lovers, who have cri'd,

Beaten their breasts, sigh'd for their loves and dy'd)

Cover'd with azure-colour'd velvet; where

The sun of her affections shall shine cleare,

In carelesse manner, 'bout the canopie

Upon the Blew (in quaint embroyderie).

Arethusa and *Chariolus* shall stand

As newly married, joyn'd hand in hand.

The charriot shall be drawne by milk-white Swans,

About whose comely necks (as streight as wands,

In stead of reines, there shall hang chaines of pearle

As pretious as her faith was: The prime girle

That shall attend this charriot shall be Truth,

Who in a robe, compos'd of ruin'd youth,

Shall follow weeping, hanging downe the head,

As who should say, My sweet companion's dead.

Next shall the Graces march, clad in rich fables,

With correspondent hoods, 'bout which large tables

Of pearle and gold (in rich embroyderie)

Shall hang sad motto's of my miserie.

Aret. Oh no, my miserie. *Cha.* Next these shall go

All *Arethusa's* vertues in a row:

The Parliament of Bees.

Her wisdom first in plaine Abilliments
(As not affecting gawdy Ornaments)
Next them her chastity attir'd in white
(Whose chaste eye shall her Epiraph indite)
Looking as if it meant to check desire
And quell th'ascention of the Paphian fire,
Next these her beauty, (that immortall thing)
Deckt in a robe that signifies the spring,
The loveliest season of the quartered yeare,
Last shall her virgin modesty appeare,
And that a robe, nor white nor red shall weare
But equallie participating both,
Call it a Maiden blush, and so the cloath
Shall be her Hieroglyphicke, on her eye
Shall sit di sfretion, who when any spie
Would at that Casement, (like a thiefe) steale in
Shall like her hearts true porter keep out sinne.
These shall be all chiefe mourners, and because
This sigh kild *Arethusa*, here weel pawse
And drop a teare, the tribute of her love,
Next this because a sigh did kill my Dove
(A good conceit, I pray forget it not)
At the foure corners of this Chariot
Ile have the foure windes statued, which shall blow
And sigh my sorrowes out, above, below,
Into each quarter; then Sir, on the top
Over all these gawdy trim things, Ile set up
My Statue in jet, my posture this
Catching at *Arethusa*, my lost blisse:
For over me by Geometrick pins
Ile have her hang betwixt two Cherubins,

The Parliament of Bees.

As if they had snatcht her up from me and earth
(In Heaven to give her a more glorious birth)

The word this what should vertue doe on earth?

This Ile have done, and when tis finish'd : All

That love come to my poor sighs funerall.

Swell gall, break heart, flow tears like a full tyde,

For with a sigh faire *Arethusa* dy'd.

Areth. Rather then thus, your youthfull flames should
Forget her thought and entertaine another. (smother,

Char. Oh never never with the Turtle dove

A sigh shall beare my soule up to my love.



Character 9.

Pharmacopolis. The Quacksalving Bee.

THis Satyre is the Character
Of an imposterous Quacksalver,
Who to steale practise and to vent
His drugs would buy a patient.

Speakers.

Senilis. Stewart. *Pharmacopolis.*

(Sir?

Sen. **V**What's he? *St.* The party. *Sen.* How? what party

Stew. A most sweet rogue, an honest Quack-

That sues to be your household Potheary, (salver:

Sen. What sees he in my face that I should buy

The Parliament of Bees.

His drugs and drenches? my cheeke weares a colour
As fresh as his, and my veines channell's fuller
Of crimson bloud than his; my well-knit joynts
Are all trust'd round, and need no Physicall points.
Read the whole alphabet of all my age,
'Mongst fixtie letters shalt not find one Ach:
My bloud's not boyl'd with fevers, nor (tho old)
Is't isicled with cramps, or dropsie cold:
I am healthfull both in body and in wits,
Coughs, rheumes, catarrhes, gouts, apopleptick fits:
The common sores of age on me nere ran,
No *Galenist*, nor *Paracelsian*,
Shall ere read Physick lecture out of me,
Ile be no subject for anatomie.

Phar. They are two good artists, Sir. *Sen.* All that I know,
What the Creator did, they in part do,
A true Physitian's a man-maker too.

My kitchin is my Doctor, and my garden,
My college, Master, chiefe Assistant, Warden,
And Pothecarie, when they give me pills,
They work so gently, I'm not choak'd with bils,
Ounce, Drachma, Dram, the mildest of all these
Is a far stronger griefe than the disease.

Phar. Were't not for bils, Physitians might go make
Mustard. *Sen.* I know't, nor bils, nor pills Ile take;
I stand on sicknesse shore, and see men tost
From one disease to another, at last quite lost:
But on that sea of surfers where they're drown'd,
I never hoisting saile am ever found.

Phar. How, ever found? were all our Gallants so,
Doctors and Pothecaries might go sow

Dow-

The Parliament of Bees.

Dowlasse for saffron-bags, take leave of silk,
And eat greene chibbals, and sowre butter-milk,
Would you know how all physick to confound?

Why 'tis done thus, keep but your Gallants sound.
Sen. 'Tis their owne faults, if they fore springs or fals,
Emptying wine-glasses fill up urinals.

Man was made sound at first; if he growes ill,
'Tis not by course of Nature, but free will:
Distempers are not ours; there should be then,
Were we our selves, no physick, men to men
Are both diseases cause, and the disease.

Thank Fate I'me sound, and free from both of these.

Phar. Steward, my fiftie crownes, *Redde.* *St.* Not I.

Phar. Ile give you then a glister. *St.* Me Sir, why?

Phar. He tell your Master, Sir, tho youle take none,
Let me give your Steward a purgation.

St. Why, I am well. *Phar.* No, you are too hard bound,
And you must cast me up the fiftie pound

I gave you in bribe-powder. *St.* Be patient.

Phar. Youle practise on me then. *Sen.* If this be true,
My health I see is bought and sold by you:

A Doctor buys me next, whose Messe of potions,

Striking me full of ulcers, oyles and lotions

Bequeath me to a Surgeon; last of all

He gives me dyet in an Hospitall.

Then comes the Scrivener, and he draws my wil,

Thus slaves for gold their Mrs. sell and kill,

Nay nay, so got so keepe it, for thy fifty

Take here a hundred, wee'l not now be thrifte,

But of such artles Empiricks Ile beware,

And learne both when to spend &c, when to spare. *Cha.*

The Parliament of Bees.



Character 10.

Fenerator. Or the Usuring Bee.

IN which the Poet lineats forth,
That bounty feeds desert and worth:
Checks Counterfeits, inweighs gainst Bribes,
And Fenerators nest describes.

Speakers.

Dicaſtes. Servitor. Fenerator. Impotens.

Dicaſtes. (Bee

What rings this Bell ſo lowd fore Ser. Sutors great.
Cal for diſpatch of buſines. D. Say what they be.
Ser. Wrackt Fen-Bees, aged, lame, and ſuch as gaspe,
Under late bondage of the cruell waſpe.
Dicaſt. Cheere them with hearty welcomes, in my chaire
Seat the Bee moſt in yeares, let no one dare
To ſend 'em ſad hence, will our Janitors
Obſerve them nobly, for the Marriners *Marryners*
Are clocks of danger, that doe ne'r ſtand ſtill, *Character*
But move from one, unto an other ill,
There dyals hand ſtil points to th'line of death,
And tho they have winde at will, they oft looſe breath.
Of all our Bees that labour in the mead,
I love them, for they earne the deareſt bread
That life can buy; when th'Elements make warre
To ruin all, they're ſav'd by their good Starre. And

The Parliament of Bees.

And for the Gally-slaves, oh love that Bee,
Who suffers onely for pure Constancy,
What suiters that? *Fen.* A very sorry one.

Dic. What makes thee sorry? *Fene.* Pale affliction:
My hive is burnt. *Dic.* And why to me do'st come?

Fen. To beg a 100. pound: *Dic.* Give him the sum.

Fen. Now the Gods: *Dic.* Nay nay, kneele not nor be
Faces are speaking pictures, thine's a booke, (mistooke:
Which if the prooffe be truly printed, shoves:

A page of close dissembling: *Fen.* High Heaven knows.

Dic. Nay tho thou beest one, yet the mony's thine
Which I bestow on Charity, not her shrine.

If thou cheat'st me; thou art cheated, and hast got
(Beeing Licourish) poyson from my Gally-pot
In stead of hony, thou art not my debtor:

I'me ne'r the worse, nor thou (I fear) much better.

Who's next? *Ser.* A one leg'd Bee. *Dic.* Oh use him well.

Imp. Cannons defend me, Gunpowder of Hell!

Whom hast thou blowne up here? *Dic.* dost know him

Imp. Yes for the Kingdomes pestilence, a fiend, (friend?

A moath takes up all petticoats he meets,

Eats Feather-beds, Boulsters, Pillows, Blanquers, Sheers,

And with sale bills, lays Shirts and smocks abed,

In Linnen close adulteric, and (instead (A Broakers

Of cloaths, strows Lavender so strongly on'em (Character

The owners never more can smell upon'em.

This Bee sucks honey from the bloomes of sin.

Bee't nere so ranke or foule, he crams it in,

Most of the Timber, that his state repairs,

He hew's out of he bones of foundred players,

G

They

The Parliament of Bees.

They feed on Poets braines, he eats their breath.

Dic. Most strange Conception, life begot on death.

Imp. Hee's a male powl-cat; a meere heart-bloud soaker,
Mongst Bees the Horner, but with men a broaker.

Dic. Well Character'd, what scath has he done thee?

Imp. More then my legs losse: in one month eat three
Of my poore fry, besides my wife; this Iew
Though he will eat no pork, eats Bees, tis true.

Dic. He told me, when I ask'd him why he mournd,
His hive, (and all he could call his) was burnd.

Imp. Hee's burnd himselfe (perhaps) but thats no news,
For he both keeps, and is maintaind by th' stews,
He buyes their sins, and they pay him large Rents
For a Long-lane of lowzy Tenements.

Built up in stead of Morter, Straw, and Stones
With poore-pawne-plaister, and sterv'd debtors bones,
He may be fir'd, his rotten hives are not

To this Autume Woodfare, *Alias* Kingdomes rot
I pawnd my weapons, to buy course browne bread,

To feed my fry and me, being forfeited,
Twice so much money as he lent I gave,

To have mine armes againe, the griping slave
Swore nor to save my soule, unlesse I cood,

Lay downe my stump here, my poor leg of wood
And so hop home. *Dic.* Vnheard of villanie.

Ser. Is this true? *Fen.* I dare not say it's a lye.

Dic. And what saist thou to this? *Imp.* Nothing but
Justice against this Hypocriticall knave, (crave
This three-pile-velvet rascall, widows decayer,
The poore fryes begger and rich Bees betrayer.

Lec

The Parliament of Bees.

Let him have Russian law for all his sins.

Di. Whats that? *Imp.* A 100. blowes on his bare shins:

Fen. Come home and take thine armes. *Imp.* Ile ha thy Justice great Bee, tis a wrong'd cripple begs. (legs:

Dic. And thou shalt ha't: I told thee goods ill got Would as ill thrive, my gift I alter nor,

That's yours. But cunning Bee, you play'd the knave To crave not needing, this poor Bee must have

His request too, else justice loose her chaire:

Goe take him in, and one his shins stript bare

In ready payment, give him a 100. stroakes:

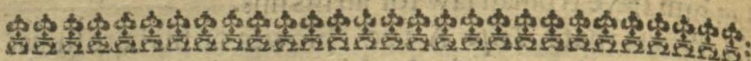
Imp. Hew downe his shanks, as Carpenters fell Oakes;

Dic. Nor thinke me partiall, for I offer thee A hundred for a hundred. *Imp.* Iust his vsury.

Dic. A hundred pound, or else a hundred blowes Give him the gold, he shall release you those.

Fen. Take it and rot with't. *Imp.* Follow thee thy curse: Wud blowes might make all broakersthus disburse.

The Parliament of Bees.



Character 11.

Obbron in Progressu. Obbron in Progressu.

OBron his royall progresse makes,
To Hibla, where he gives, and takes
Presents, and priviledges, Bees
Of worth he crownes with offices.

Speakers.

Obbron. Agricola. Pastoralis. Flora.

Obbron. **T**He sessions full to avoid the Heat,
In this coole shade each take his seate.

Agr. The winged Tenants of these Lawnes,
Deckt with bloomes, and downy pawnes,
Like Subjects faithfull just and true,
Bring *Obbron* tribute. *Ob.* What are you?

Agr. A poor Bee that by *Obbrons* will,
First invented how to till
The barren earth, and in it throw
Seedes that dye, before they grow,
And beeing well read in natures booke,
Devis'd Plow, Sickle, Sithe and hooke,
To weed the thistles, and ranke brakes,
From the good Corne: his voyage makes,
From *Thessalie*, my native shrine,
And to great *Obbron* all Divine

Submit

The Parliament of Bees.

Submit my selfe. This wreath of wheat
(Ripend by *Apollos* heate)
My bosome fill'd with ears of corne,
To thee that wert before time borne
I freely offer. *ob.* May thy field,
Loaden with bounty, profit yeeld,
May the root prosper, and each eare,
Like a teeming female, beare
April deluge, and *May* frosts,
Lightnings and Mildews fly thy Coasts;
As thou in service true shalt bee
To *Obrons* Crowne and Royalty:
True baylife of our husbandrie
Keepe thy place still; the next: *Pastor* A Bee,
That's keeper of King *Obrons* Groves,
Sheepreeve of his flocks and Drovers,
His Goats, his Kids, his Ewes, and Lambes,
Steeres and Heyfers, Syres, and Dams,
To expresse homage at the full,
Greet *Obron* with this fleece of wooll:
ob. May thy Ews in yeaning thrive,
Stocke and increase, stand and survive,
May the Woodsare, Cose and roe
Dye, or living, hurt thee not,
May the Wolfe and wilie Fox
Live exil'd from thy Herdes and flocks;
Last, not least, prosper thy Grove,
And live thou blest in *Obrons* love,
As thou in service true shalt bee
To us and our high Royalty:

The Parliament of Bees.

The next. *Vint.* High Steward of thy vines,
Taster both of grapes and wines,
In these ripe clusters that present
Full bountie, on his knees low bent,
Payes *Obron* homage, and in this boile
Brimm'd with grape blood, tender tole
Of all thy vintage. *Obr.* May thy grapes thrive
In Autumne, and the roots survive
In churlish winter, may thy fence
Be prooffe 'gainst wild Bores violence:
As thou in service true shalt be
To us and our high royaltie:
A femall Bee thy character?

Flo. Flora, Obron's Gardiner,
Huswife both of herbs and flowers,
To strew thy shrine, and trim thy bowers,
With Violets, Roses, Eglantine,
Daffadowne, and blew Columbine,
Hath forth the bosome of the Spring
Pluckt this nose-gay, which I bring
From *Elenus* mine owne shrine. (*Ita Scaliger.*)
To thee a Monarch all divine;
And as true impost of my grove,
Present it to great *Obron's* love.

Obr. Honey deawes refresh thy Meads,
Cowslips spring with golden heads,
July-flowers, and Carnations weare
Leaves double streakt with Maiden haire,
May thy Lillies taller grow,
Thy Violets fuller sweetnesse owe;

And

The Parliament of Bees.

And last of all may *Phæbus* love
To kisse thee, and frequent thy Grove,
As thou in service true shalt be
Unto our Crowne and Royaltie,
Keep all your places, well we know
Your loves, and will reward 'em too.
Agric. In signe that we thy words beleeve,
As well the birth-day as the eve
We will keep holy; Our winged *Swaines*,
Neither for pleasure, nor for gaines,
Shall dare profane't, so lead away
To solemnize this holy day.



Character II.

Rexacillium. The high Bench Bar.

O *Bron* in his *Star-Chamber* sits,
Sends out *Subpœna's*, *High Court Writts*,
To th' *Mr. Bee*, degradeth some,
Frees others, all share legall doome.

Speakers.

Obron, *Fairies*, *Mr. Bee*, *Prorex*, *Vespa*, *Hornet*,
Humble Bee, *Fucus* or *Droane*.

Obr. **N**ow summon in our *Mr. Bee*,
With all his swarme, and tell him wee
Command our homage. *Fai.* He is come,
Roome for great *Prorex* there, make roome.

Obr.

The Parliament of Bees.

Obr. What meanes this slacknesse? *Pro.* Royall Sir,
My care made me a loyterer,
To bring in these transgressing Bees,
Who by deceits and fallacies
Cloath'd with a smooth and faire intent,
Have wrong'd me in my government.
Obr. The manner how? *Pro.* These wicked three,
The Wasp, the Droane, and Humble Bee,
Conspir'd like Traytors, first the Wasp,
Sought in his covetous paw to grasp
All he could finger, made the Sea
Not onely his monopolie;
But with his wing'd swarmes scowr'd the plaines,
Robbed and flew our wearie Swaines
Commig from work: The Humble Bee
(A flye as tyrannous as hee)
By a strange yet legall stealth,
Non-suited Bees of all their wealth.
The Drone, a Bee more mercilesse,
Our needdy commons so oppresse,
By hoording up, and poysoning th'earth,
Once in three yeares hee'd make a dearth,
A needlesse one, transporting more
To strangers than would feed our poore,
At quarter day, if any lacks
His rent, he ceaze both honey and wax,
Throwing him out to beg and sterue
For which, *Obr.* As they your selfe deserve
Due punishment, for servants sins
We commit their Masters, Justice wins

More

The Parliament of Bees.

More honour, and shines more compleat
In vertue, by suppressing great,
Than hanging poore ones; yet because
You have beene zealous in our Lawes,
Your fault we pardon; for Delinquents
We have legall punishments:
Vespa that pillag'd sea and land,
Engrossing all into his hand,
From all we banish, dead or alive,
Never shall *Vespa* come in Hive;
But like a Pyrat and a Theefe,
Steale and pilfer his releefe:
Thou hast fed ryots, lusts, and rapes,
And drawne vice in such horrid shapes,
As very Horse-flies, had they knowne 'em,
For credits cause, yet would not owne 'em:
Th'ast made thy Hive a Brothell, acted sin
'Gainst Nature, and the royaltie of kin,
So base, as but thy selfe none could invent:
They are all thine owne, and thou their president:
For which, as thou thy fame hast lost,
So be thine Armes and Titles crost
From forth the roll of Heraldrie,
That blazons out true Gentrie,
Live ever exil'd: *Fucus*, you
That engrost our Hony deaw,
Bought wax and honey up by th' great,
(Transporting it as slaves doe wheat)
Your Hive (with hony hid in trees
And hollow banks) our poore lame Bees

H

Shall

The Parliament of Bees.

Shall share, and even as *Vespa* so
Unpatroniz'd live banisht too.

Last, you that by your surly hum,
Would needs usurp a Prætors roome,
Your chamlet gowne, your purple hood,
And stately phrase scarce understood,
Or knowne from this our Mr. Bee,
Made th'ignorant think that you were hee,
And pay you reverence, for your hate
To th'poore, and envie to our State,
We here degrade and let you fall
To th'dunghill, your originall;
From Nettles, Hemlocks, Docks and weeds,
(On which your Pefant-lineage feeds)
Suck your diet : to be short,
Ne're see our face, nor haunt our Court.

Pro. And whither must these flies be sent?

Obr. To everlasting banishment,

Underneath two hanging rocks,

(Where babbling *Eccho* sits and mocks

Poore Travellers) there lyes a grove,

With whom the Sun's so out of love,

He never smiles on't, (pale Despaire

Cals it his monarchall chaire)

Fruit halfe ripe, hang rivell'd and shrunk

On broken armes, torne from the trunk :

The moorish pooles stand emptie, left

By water, stolne by cunning theft

To hollow banks, driven out by Snakes,

Adders, and Newts, that man these lakes :

Charact.
Gehenne.

The

The Parliament of Bees.

The mossie weeds halfe swelter'd, serv'd
As beds for vermin hunger-sterv'd :

The woods are Yew-trees, rent and broke
By whirle-winds, here and there an Oake

Halfe cleft with thunder, to this grove
We banish them. *All.* Some mercie, *Iove.*

Obr. You should have cry'd so in your youth,

When *Chronos* and his Daughter *Truth*

Sojourn'd amongst you, when you spent

Whole yeares in ryotous merriment,

Thrusting poore Bees out of their hives;

Ceazing both honey, wax, and lives,

You should have call'd for mercie, when

You impal'd common blossomes, when

Instead of giving poore Bees food,

You eat their flesh and drunk their blood.

All. Be this our warning. *Obr.* 'Tis too late,

Fairies thrust them to their fate :

Now *Prorex* our chiefe Mr. Bee,

And Vice-Roy, thus we lesson thee,

Thy preterit errours we forgive,

Provided you hereafter live

In compasse, take againe your Crowne,

But make your subjects so your owne,

As you for them may answer. *Pro.* Sir,

(For this high favour you confer)

True loyaltie (upon my knee)

I promise both for them and mee.

Obr. Rise in our love then, and that you,

What you have promis'd may pursue,

Temhus.

The *Parliament of Bees.*

Chafte *Latria* I bestow
On you in Marriage, sheele teach you how
To be your selfe; faire truth and time,
Be a watch, and constant Chime,
To all your actions: Now adew,
Prorex shall againe renew
His potent raigne: the massie world
Which in Glittering Orbes is hurld
About the poles, be Lord of: wee
Onely reserve our Royaltie,
Field-musicke? *Obron* must away
For us our Gentle Fayries stay,
In the Mountaines and the rocks
Wee'l hunt the Gray, and little Foxe,
Who destroy our Lambs at feed,
And spoyle the Neasts, where Turtles breed,
If *Vespa*, *Fucus*, or proud Error
Fright thy Bees, and be a terror
To thy Groves, 'tis *Obrons* will
As Out-lawes you them seize and kill,
Apollo, and the Muses dance,
Art has banish'd ignorance,
And chaf'd all flies of Rape and stealth
From forth our winged Common-wealth.

FINIS.

